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Dog Days

by fuckyeahlucifersupernatural

Summary

God comes to Lucifer with a deal: If Sam accepts Lucifer for who he is (warts and all), he will win his freedom and be with his one true vessel. The catch is that he won't be able to converse with Sam due to being changed into a runt of a puppy.

Notes

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I Am Lucifer, Hear Me Bark

Lucifer used to expect his Father to come before him in the Cage and bring him back home. It was a naive and silly fantasy he'd have in the early years of his time in this cell, one that died quickly and twisted into cold bitterness. So to see his Father suddenly appear in the middle of a wearisome wrestling match with Michael made the two pause, the fallen archangel aggressively attempting to jerk himself out of the chokehold he was currently in.

God offers him a deal.

"Would you like to get out of the Cage? To once more be with Sam Winchester -- your true vessel?"

These dog days in the Cage were coming to an end now and it made the archangel's chest swell. He was finally being released and he could not bother with his pride; how it twisted and roared in his being, that to be stubborn would continue to emphasize how much he as been wronged. Lucifer can't. He misses Earth. Heaven. Misses that glorifying sensation of belonging and harmonizing with a DNA code that continues to welcome him.

"Under one condition. You will not be able to speak to Sam in a language he understands. If you manage to overcome this obstacle and he accepts you, you will be returned to normal." It's cryptic and vague, the archangel assuming that He is referring to Sam saying 'yes.' He visibly frowns at his Father, not wanting to find himself pulled into another story where he is once more trapped and abandoned.

"I don't understand."

He simply smiles and scratches at his rather messy demeanor, "The first step is getting him to realize who you are. The rest should be rather apparent after that."

"Knowing you, the consequences of failing is a potential headliner," Lucifer bites back.

God shrugs his shoulders, unfazed by Lucifer's tone, "You will not be able to see, hear, touch and be near Sam ever again." Meaning he will eventually be unable to walk on Earth once he burns through all of his temporary vessels. Better to have this chance than to have none at all. Lucifer nods, because he has come too far to not take another risk.

"Yes."

Lucifer turns to Michael, as if to inquire where he would go but he sees the curl of a knowing smirk. Before he can question or accuse the two of plotting against him, the lights fall down and the curtains close. It's the end of the opening act.

When Lucifer opens his eyes, the world is larger and he has to crane his head to stare at a tree -- a tree! The archangel turns and there is another! There's the sky! The sidewalks! Polluted air but he can complain later of Mankind's plight in ruining what is good in this world. This here is Earth and it feels good to be back, a heavy rush of relief filling him because he is free.

The archangel moves forward when he trips over his own legs. There's a startled yelp and face hitting pavement, rolling over pathetically onto his side after the impact. He goes to move a hand to touch his face, baffled by the sheer fact that he tripped. He. Lucifer. The Morningstar. Tripped. When his hand moves, the archangel finds he can't exactly reach his face. His arm is too short and a turn of his head finds a golden haired paw.

What the.... Am I....?

Lucifer snarls and moves his front legs, little paws beating the air, beginning to realize that he is painfully small. The trees are not overly large, he is simply tiny! Struggling to get back to his feet, he closes his eyes and simply forces himself to be a different image. Nothing changes. If anything, he can't seem to feel his Grace just this...rumble in his stomach. Also a curious pressure about his lower half, not entirely sure how to decipher it as.

"You bastard! A dog?! *A dog*?!" Lucifer exclaims, but it comes out as a nonsensical bark that's a bit too high in pitch. He stumbles and tosses his head back, now opting for howling because no matter how hard he struggles to scream out profanities, it's coming out as a rather pitiful howl. If he holds the sound for too long does it actually waver and tremble, squeaking here and there. It leaves him exhausted and embarrassed.

When he's out of breath, he sinks down and gnashes his teeth at the sheer fact he's sitting on the ground like this. There's an itch on his neck, that pressure sitting on him -- is it his bladder? -- and the grumbling in his stomach continues on, yet Lucifer defiantly refuses to address it. He is an archangel! He is Lucifer! He will not succumb to such trivial matters! Pride wounded and ashamed, he dares anything about him to dare bother him. Astutely staring about him, lips curled into a prepared snarl, he sees an Impala parked across the street.

Cocking his head to the right to get a better view, he sees the familiar license plate. Sam Winchester. Jumping onto his feet, prepared to bound forward, he stumbles and clumsily steps on his own foot. Walking with four legs is not something he routinely engages in and it's difficult enough that he is stuck in this infernal little body. With great concentration, he puts a paw forward followed by another, counting each step.

It's a slow, ungainly walk and he barks angrily at the passing cars who honk at him. It's tempting to just chase after them...very tempting... Shaking his head, he trudges onward and does a strange little gallup when he's at the curb. Clambering towards the Impala, he can smell Sam. Smell his toothpaste and...laundry detergent? Lucifer seethes when he nearly finds himself with his nose to the ground. No, he would not act like a dog. He is not a dog.

This is beneath him.

Stubbornly he sits by the car and when a chilly breeze stirs his coat of fur does he let out a sound of displeasure, coming out as a whine. He's cold. It's a strange concept because he swore he was unbearably frigid and frozen, yet here he is shuddering in discomfort. Lucifer needs to find Sam or at least somewhere to get warm. Closing his eyes and putting aside his bruised ego, he puts his nose to the floor.

He follows the scent, head down and wobbly moving forward until he runs into a door. Turning his head up, he stares at the numbers on a door and a tiny peephole. Lucifer barks and waits. Nothing. He barks again. Still nothing. Standing on his hind legs, successfully bopping his nose onto the door, he scratches at the door. Barking and howling away, more in displeasure at the pain throbbing in his nose, he's finding his patience beginning to steadily drain.

This is the door where Sam Winchester's scent leads to. Perhaps he should find a stick to knock against the door -- Lucifer scowls at himself because that is absolutely pathetic. A stick? About to get back down on all four, his hind legs beginning to ache, the door pulls inward. Lucifer takes a nosedive forward and his front legs keep him from smacking into the floor.

"Oh hey, buddy," and that's Sam's voice, Lucifer beginning to feel his bottom half shaking. *What on earth...* Lucifer tries to turn his head to see what is going on and he sees a flash of gold. What is that? His tail? Why is it doing that? Lucifer tries to turn even further as if to grab it with his teeth

but hands are picking him up, lifting him into the air and his back legs begin to run on nothing before stilling.

There's Sam Winchester. He looks...worn down. More facial hair than before and there's a tired look in his eyes. Hardly suitable for a one true vessel, a rather surprising letdown. Lucifer would have to go through the effort of bringing Sam back to optimal strength and health when Sam accepts him.

Lucifer's placed back on the floor, the door closing and Sam walking away from him. The archangel attempts to follow after but he's a bit winded, opting for sitting down and gaining his breath. Blue eyes watch Sam return with a bowl of water, grateful and lapping at the water. Majority of the water is falling from his mouth and he finds it a bit difficult mastering how to drink water like this. When Lucifer pulls back up, his muzzle is soaked and Sam's laughter is filling the room.

"What's your name, boy?" Sam asks him as he kneels down and Lucifer barks out his name. Tch. Boy. Lucifer tilts his head upward in insult, attempting to look away from him. The hunter just smiles and reaches out, Lucifer stiffening at the stretched out fingers. "Shh, it's okay. Just checking your collar," he assures and the archangel feels his bottom shake again in excitement. A collar! His name will be on it! Lucifer waits for the recognition, staring up at Sam who is beginning to look rather...confused.

"'For Sam Winchester,'" Sam reads out loud before he's giving a quizzical scoff. "I really don't think Dean went out to get me a golden retriever," he explains to Lucifer and he wants to bark out a 'damn right' but instead the archangel gives a mortified sound.

A golden retriever!? Who is barely taller than a Tonka truck?! Lucifer fights back the urge to knock the bowl of water down with paw because he's having the strangest sensations --

"No, no, no, don't pee on the floor!"

Ah-ha, that pressure he felt from before was nothing but a full bladder.

Not So Much Man's Best Friend

Chapter Notes

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Sam can't help but practically beam at the new addition to the team (one Dean has furiously refused to accept through heated arguments and chronic frowns). The younger hunter is fond of rubbing the spot between this golden retriever's eyes, watching it close its eyes and slump to its side before it topples over. Dean has been eyeing it with nothing but malice for the past four days during their hunt on a group of vampires. There are a handful of reasons why accepting this little pooping/peeing/biting ball of fun is a bad idea, one which Dean has been reminding Sam of more frequently.

This dog mysteriously showed up with a collar that is addressed to Sam. For all Dean knows, it could be some spy from Crowley or a walking bomb. It's a distraction. It's hypocritical of Dean, seeing that he wanted Sam to take it easy on the trials and relax a bit, but this was not his idea of a distraction. He was thinking books, sleeping, conning idiots at bars like the good ol' days. Not making sure that the little furry rugrat is walked and fed. Another problem is that Dean simply doesn't like dogs. He lopped dogs and hellhounds together in one general category. He was iffy on them from the beginning, terrified of hellhounds thanks to the deal from Hell and certainly was sharing no love for the teething fuckers thanks to trial number one. Dogs were the bane of his existence one way or another.

Dean thought showing his resistance and refusal of this scraggly little thing by insisting on sharing different rooms would change Sam's mind. Sam was unfazed, bid Dean to go ahead and get his own room as he busied himself cooing at this puppy that seemed reluctant to give in. Dean prayed the sheer antisocial personality of the damn dog would drive Sam away but instead it made Sam more determined.

Sam threw himself into this new companion because it was simple. Yet, this one was rather...bizarre, if not sharing the stereotypical characteristics of a dog. It didn't tug on the new leash Sam got him, as if to race ahead, it instead twisted itself so it could latch its teeth onto the material and drag Sam. It took the hunter a while to realize that this pup was trying to walk him! It'd wag its tail when Sam complied, pleased and head held high while the hunter walked on slightly ahead in sheer confusion.

It refused to eat. Would stare at the food and make funny little snorting sounds as if it was disgusted with what was laid out. Only when its stomach rumbled loudly would it grudgingly

shuffle towards the bowl and eat what was presented. Once it drank water too fast that it resulted in hiccups, the pup mortified at the squeaks rushing out of its mouth. Dean snorted and insisted on recording it and Sam watched curiously the puppy acutely realize what Dean was doing and hide in the corner by the food bowl, laying his head behind it as if to cover his face. Sam came to the rescue, grumbling at Dean and coaxing the puppy out with scratches behind the ear. It somberly did so, head hung low and entire body shaking whenever a hiccup strike. Sam sat on the floor beside it, batting Dean away with his hand and an unamused look as he scratched behind his ears and rubbed the side of his belly until the hiccups abate.

Sam thinks the little guy is grateful, more willing to meander around him and behave.

Yet when Dean is around, the gloves are off and Sam would catch this becoming mastermind tugging Dean's shoes under the bed while he mauls them with his tiny teeth.

"It's kind of stupid, isn't it?" Dean breaks the silence one day as they're hauling in the stolen text they grabbed from the library. They don't think they're hunting a vampire anymore but something else. It's easier to simply do the research at the library but Sam doesn't like leaving "Blondie" (something that makes the pup loudly complain and Dean laugh at the Clint Eastwood reference) alone. So they're hauling it back to Sam's room and Blondie is doing his ungainly walk towards the hunter.

The pup gives out a feral sound as it bares its teeth, Dean rewarding it with a smug twist of his lips. "Dean, he's not stupid," Sam mumbles absentmindedly, thumbing through printouts of old newspaper articles.

"Dude, he can't even walk right and he's how old? Five weeks? Six? And I have yet to hear the little shit howl or even give out a decent bark. More like a whimper than a bang," Dean taunts more to the puppy than Sam, grinning widely when it tries to make its way towards him. Dean snorts when the pup trips over its own feet. Sam lifts his gaze up to look at it, brows furrowing.

"I dunno," he begins before speculating, "Maybe it got hurt the first weeks it was born. Messed up its sense of balance... Muscles not properly formed due to lack of nutrition... Could have been beaten, now it's stuck being a bit lame. He's pretty young, Dean. It's normal if they're uncoordinated. He'll get there."

"Sam, the thing is slow. In the head slow. Walking slow. Everything slow. Trips all the time," Dean points out, and Sam can feel the conversation circulating to an old one on how Blondie is just a nuisance and draining their funds. The pup abandons its direction towards Dean and determinedly moves towards Dean's duffle bag.

In but an hour, the pup was placed in the bathroom as Dean and Sam struggled to clean the shredded mess of the pillows, the yanked sheets off the bed, the salt spilled all over the carpet, Dean's duffle bag reeking of urine and Sam's backpack now frayed and one of its plastic zipper swimming in a tiny pool of vomit. No matter how much Sam firmly explained to the pup that what he did was not nice, Blondie would turn his head to the side as if he was ignoring him.

Sam can't fathom how it has any correlation to the discussion of why the pup is a bit inept when it comes to functioning on a day-to-day basis.

Sam finds the rest of the week spent in silence in the room. Usually Blondie is active and sniffing around, eager to do something but now he sits by the air conditioning unit. The hunter tries to coax him to play, to scratch at his back or take him on a walk but the pup refuses by moving away from his hand. He only eats, now, when Sam isn't looking and sleeps under the table instead of the cheap dog bed he got from a discount store. Dean mumbles about getting rid of the thing before it poops on Sam's bed.

The hunter doesn't know what to do. He even went out of his way to buy wet food, hoping it'd cheer the little guy up but he simply stares at it until it begins to get warm as hours creep on. Sam even shoved dog treats into Dean's hand and demanded he go into the room and offer it to the pup. Dean reluctantly does so, laying it out when Blondie wouldn't go near him and to Sam's dismay they remained untouched the entire day.

"Maybe he's sick," Dean offered in an attempt to be helpful, Sam looking worn and stressed after day six of this silent treatment. "Look," he sighs, "Let's take him to the vet tomorrow morning. We'll get it all figured out and he should get his shots or whatever." Sam finds a smile weaseling its way on his face, Dean huffing in response. "Whatever, I still hate the little thing. It peed on my bag and chews my boots up!"

Sam returns to his room in better spirits, calling it a night early thanks to the coming downpour of rain. Pointless to do much when clouds threaten to turn into a terrifying storm. No one likes moving about in the rain, sliding in the mud and trying to get the Impala out of muddy dips. Drying his hair and placing a blanket on the dog bed to keep Blondie warm, he tries to coax the pup onto the bed. He refuses and remains sitting by the off A/C unit. Saying goodnight to the stubborn pup, Sam gets in bed and falls asleep to the sound of rain against the window.

There's a high-pitched whine that shakes Sam awake, jerking underneath the covers as thunder answers his bewildered stare out at the window. Curtains are closed but light flashes underneath the muffling fabric. The storm got worse. Glancing over at the clock reading one in the morning, another whine fills the air. It takes a minute for Sam to realize it's Blondie. Flicking the lamp on the nightstand on, he scrambles out of bed to go towards the puppy.

The pup is backed up in a corner with the blanket he offered hours ago pooled before it. Thunder booms again and Blondie answers with a pitiful bark before it's rolling back into whines. Sam doesn't hesitate to grab him, pulling him up into his chest and bringing him to the bed. Blondie sits hesitantly on the bed, flinching at each boom of the thunder, tail tucked in.

"It's okay, it's okay. I'm here," Sam reminds him, turning on the television to challenge the sound of the storm. Sitting back on the bed, Blondie doesn't hesitate to push his way into Sam's side, head buried between the space between Sam's back and the pillow. "I know, it must be so loud to you," he speaks sympathetically, rubbing at the puppy's back. Pulling the covers a bit up, it takes an hour of crooning and soothing for the pup to pull its head away from Sam's side. The whines have died down to quiet little sounds that are trapped in its throat and Sam rubs the spot under its collar soothingly.

"I'm sorry Dean and I made you upset before," the hunter mumbles, the pup sleepily laying its head on Sam's thigh, yawning widely. "I don't know what I did but I don't want to do it again if it means that all over again," the brunette admits quietly, "I missed you a lot." When Sam looks down there are blue eyes staring up at him. He can feel a fine tremble under his fingertips before the pup is pawing its way onto Sam's lap, head shoved into his stomach. The Winchester rubs his back affectionately and murmurs encouraging words when he hears the pup crying into his shirt, certain its the storm again scaring him once more.

When Sam wakes up hours later, there's a heavy feeling on his chest thanks to the curled retriever laying on it. Sam lets Blondie sleep on longer, fondly running his fingertips across his side. The hunter stifles a chuckle at sound of the pup's breathing and the way his ear would twitch every four minutes. There's a smile plastered on his lips, waking Blondie up with his index finger rubbing the spot between his eyes down to the top of his muzzle. Blondie wakes up with a yawn and greets Sam with a sloppy kiss across his nose.

"Good morning to you, too!" Sam laughs warmly.

Sam could get used to waking up like this.

Chapter End Notes

Love it? Hate it? Tell me in a review!

Howling Back To You

Chapter Notes

Acknowledge the change in rating and suitable target audience.

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Lucifer looks at Sam differently now, shifting from objectifying views on what Sam can provide for him and win him to warm appreciation. It's a slow transition but the storm that swept across Omaha, and the effort Sam put in to make him feel safe, gave it form. In those moments it wasn't mindless cooing and scratching behind the ears. Lucifer was given words of comfort, sympathy and understanding of the unbearably loud noises hitting his ears.

The walls would rattle. Light would flash sporadically. Rain would pelt violently down onto the windows and roof. It made him feel small and powerless, as if his Father was booming and throwing down his wrath at him. It reminded him of how helpless he felt when he was tossed out of Heaven, God's fury abundant and loud in his ears the entire way down. Reminded him of old wounds and missing limbs, a punching ache rushing about his system. There's no broken army of angels to fall down with him this time, just an empty room thrown in the dark and the blanket offered by Sam. It all ceased when Sam ran his fingers across his tiny back and apologized to him, quelling the rapid heart beating in his minuscule chest.

He felt safe and that felt...nice.

Dean was coerced into apologizing later on, Lucifer rather smug and tail wagging triumphantly when the older hunter offered him treats. Lucifer didn't bother to pick up the treats and walk back to the dog bed to chew on them. He remained before Dean, chewing obnoxiously loud and sloppy until the hunter groaned in disbelief.

For a brief moment, he forgot the sole reason why he was here. The mundanity of walks, eyeing the feral cat that prowls about the parking lot through the window, and being picked up from the ground and onto the bed so he can fall asleep to the sound of Sam turning the pages of a book he has his nose in. It's nothing but brainwashing. Lucifer idly wondered, while getting his tummy rubbed by Sam, if this was the reason he was specifically turned into an infernal ball of fur. If this was just some clever manner of getting him to fail, once again. Perhaps Sam's affectionate gesture was nothing but a demeaning rouse, getting him to lay on his back in show of submissiveness.

It's difficult to rile up any amount of disgust and disdain, however, when Sam's large hand is a heated comfort on his very full belly. It's difficult for him to admit that he felt at peace lying next

to Sam and being told how much he's loved by his true vessel. Lucifer will *certainly not* admit that it was he who laid on his side and twisted himself onto his back rather expectantly, wriggling until he was attended to.

"Dude, can you stop touching him for five seconds and focus?" Dean's voice cuts in, Sam sighing heavily and Lucifer turning his head so he can give a feral 'woof', coming out more like a weird burp of sound. Both hunters snort in humor and Lucifer is left to turn on his side, grumbling as the brothers focused on the case they were still working on.

There's papers, Sam's laptop and books scattered on the floor. Sam's cross-legged before his computer, Dean situated by the table, leaning against it for back support. It was for Lucifer's benefit, perplexed and annoyed at having to look up at the Winchesters as they sat on the table. He yanked and tugged on their shoelaces for attention until Sam moved his items to the floor, Dean grudgingly following suit, cursing under his breath.

"No way is it vamps. First of all, vamps don't make their victims into human blood fountains. And no real teeth marks into the victims' necks from autopsy reports..." Dean continued, rifling through a folder to pull out a photo, handing it to Sam. "That doesn't look like some animal ripped into its neck. Looks liked someone stuck knitting needles into it." Dean tapped on the top of the photo, leaned over and grimacing at his position.

"Really? Knitting needles?" Sam arched a brow.

"Shut up. Trying to make it relatable to you," he huffed, sitting back and making some sort of gesture with his hand.

Lucifer listened, whether he liked it or not. He hated how in-tune his hearing is. At least as an archangel he could regulate and tune out what he wished, but as this pooping contraption he couldn't stop hearing everything about him. Birds were busy screeching outside. Dean's stomach was growling. The cars driving in and out of the parking lot. Sam's heartbeat -- which is annoyingly loud.

"So no vampires. Than what? A spirit? Demons? Something else?" Sam sighed, laying the picture down, the pup shifting closer to look at it.

"EMF didn't go off once when we first got in, remember?"

Lucifer stared curiously at the autopsy photo, series of deep holes symmetrically placed on the body. The victim would breathe and choke on blood, bleeding from every orifice as he/she fought for life. It made the pup think of Hell and one of its torture methodologies.

Lucifer clambered onto his feet, giving a bark for attention that came out squeaky and watery. Dean burst into a chuckle as Sam looked ever the face of concern. *How do I tell them?* His little paws hit the photo, appearing as if he was jumping on it, giving another attempt of a bark.

"Blondie? You need to go outside?"

No. No, I don't!

Sam goes to take the photo from underneath his paws but Lucifer quickly bites the corner of it, tugging back. The younger hunter frowns, trying to carefully pry it out of his teeth but the pup does a strange little shuffle to his right. Tugging it out of Sam's grip, Lucifer walks across the laid out papers. He needed to inform Sam that this is the work of either demons or, possibly, humans. But he couldn't understand how to get Sam to understand what he's trying to say. How on earth is he supposed to get Sam to figure out who he is if he can't even get this simple message across?

Lucifer shuffles back and places it on the ground, laying a paw on it. The hunters stare at him in disbelief, soon feeling Dean's hands on him. Lucifer instantly attempts to dash away, little legs running across the air as he gives a pitiful growl. *Let me go!* He growls out but Dean's only huffing, heading towards the door with Sam in tow.

"When did you get Satan's dog?"

The golden ball of fur nearly twists its neck to look at Sam, heart thumping in his chest. He said it. Somewhat, but there it is. Lucifer can't figure out what would be an affirmative motion of support to that statement. It's a tad truthful but there it is. So he squirms and jerks about, Dean protesting in coming annoyance before he's placed on the small patch of grass by the parking lot.

Sam punches Dean in the arm, looking akin to mortification and fear at the namedrop. Another punch is given to the arm with the promise of more but the entire conversation is dropped. Dean makes his way back into the motel room guiltily as Sam stands stiffly in place, watching him scramble about on the grass. Lucifer can't understand why Sam's mood turned instantly morose and the Winchester won't bend down to reassure him when he sniffs about his shoe.

Frustrated and irked at his failed attempt, Lucifer chews on the grass angrily. When he was six feet tall and brimming with Grace, he could easily figure out what was on Sam's mind. He could nudge his thoughts into his, share dreams and find ways to communicate to his true vessel. As this yapping dog, he seemed to only be able to relay to the Winchesters his need for food, to go outside or that a cat is nearby. This challenge is more difficult than he initially imagined.

Laying down on the ground, petulant and awaiting for attention, he continues to eat the grass until he nearly chokes on it. Sam sighs and finally moves from his stoic position, patting him on the back as the archangel gnashes his jaws widely as if he just might solve the problem as such.

Lucifer gives in and abandons his tantrum, seeking out Sam's hand. He's been becoming a glutton for Sam's affectionate gestures. Sam shoots him a watery smile and scratches at his neck. *Ahhh.... Right there.* Lucifer nearly twists in surprise when his leg can't stop twitching. The hunter laughs in humor, drawing his hand away as the pup examines his possessed leg.

The archangel wiggled vainly in an attempt to bite it but landed on his back, snapping his tiny jaws at the grass in some poor attempt to maintain a fearsome composure. Sam's laughter is now rich and warm, his frame soon sprawled out on the grass beside him. The last time Sam smiled at him like this was when he looked like his past girlfriend, Jessica. How easy that scene turned to defiant spewing of rejection when he revealed who he truly was. It makes the pup's stomach feel strange, a muffled sound slipping past his mouth.

Lucifer turns his head to get a better look at Sam's face, shifting so his nose can bury itself into his hair. Cheap shampoo hits his nose, giving a sneeze in response.

"Did you just sneeze in my hair?"

Lucifer feigns innocence by wagging his tail, giving a playful bark. He watches Sam chuckle brightly, both of them soon sunbathing in the tiny lawn.

Lucifer, despite their good spirits, finds himself still stuck on square one. His actions didn't solve much of anything in this current situation. Despite his noises of complaint and pleas as Sam and Dean prepared to leave, the Winchesters headed out to look over the different locations once more. He was left in the room, pawing at the door with an insistent whine until his hind legs began to tremble.

Exhausted, he made his way to his dog bed to flop onto it, panting softly into the room.

Determined to stay up and wait till the boys get back, he stared intently at the door.

It's the sound of the door closing that jerked him into attention, staring bewildering at a darkened sky through the window and the spot of drool on his bed. Did he fall asleep? Scowling and slowly getting to his feet, he recognized the person in the room as Dean.

"Wake you up, little shit?" Dean inquired with a snort, flipping the lights on.

Lucifer yawned, doing an awkward waddle towards Dean because one of his legs is asleep. Attacking the laces of Dean's boot, a hand reaches down to ruffle his ears, Lucifer determined to yank those laces out. The hunter stepped out of his shoes to let Lucifer gnaw on them, padding over to the chair to ease into it.

"Sam's coming soon. He's picking up some grub," he explains and Lucifer spits out Dean's laces, sitting down by them. It doesn't look like Dean had much luck on his search. Sam better return soon, feeling anxious and antsy at the fact only one Winchester is present. Sniffing idly at the hunter's shoes, teeth were soon barred in disgust at the scent of sulfur. Ugh. Giving a repulsed sound followed by an indigent "what?!" from Dean, he moved away from the shoes.

The scent was even stronger as he moved near the door and he desperately tried to swipe at his nose with his paw, as if to rid the scent.

"Stop being a drama queen. That's the smell of hard work," Dean's arguing and Lucifer can only visibly complain. It feels like it's only growing stronger and the archangel is tempted to simply hold his breath till it leaves. There's a knock at the door and Dean hoists himself back to his feet, about to peer through the curtains when the door comes flying open.

The scent of sulfur is now overwhelming and Lucifer scrambles backward, startled by the sudden swing of the door. He can feel his heart pounding in his chest in surprise, tail tucking itself between his legs. Fumbling over his own feet, he found himself by the bed, staring up at two figures in the doorway.

This is too fast. Too rushed. Story is rapidly developing and Lucifer isn't given the pleasure to think this through. There are voices filling the air but his nose is only reading the pungent scents, nearly sick by how it is overpowering him. He wanted to return to the dry spell days of Sam being holed up with him doing research. He had no clue how to react in such a powerless state. His hands could not plunge through another's chest like before. He could not kill with just the twist of his fingers. He couldn't even bark or run straight. How on earth is he supposed to protect himself?

Lucifer slipped under the bed, body flat on the ground and watching the two pairs of shoes walk past him. Dean will probably die. Mistake of being lax and not putting a line of salt against the door after entering. Mistake of disturbing the sites where the demons were working about at. Mistake of simply being the Winchesters and riding an obvious car. Would Lucifer be upset that Dean Winchester is dead? Less nuisances on his plate with such a foul mouth. Michael would be absent of his true vessel and the easy access of him. To be frank, the archangel could not claim that he cares about Dean Winchester, still holding a grudge on the hunter who shot him in the head. Good riddance. He'll make sure not to pee on Dean's grave too much.

But he is Sam's brother. Sam would be upset if Dean died. He'd be unhappy.

He would never accept the person who sat by and watched his brother die.

Cursing in Enochian, sounding more like a bizarre huff of air leaving his mouth, he army crawled

out of the bed. Nearly tripping on his legs, he did an ungainly slide in front of Dean, twisting so he can stare at the two advancing demons. He could see their true faces, twisted and disfigured with hellfire burning behind their eyes. Both looked down at him, sniggering openly. It's a struggle to get his tail to untuck itself, his legs beginning to shake. He didn't realize what a runt he'd be against them or the fact that there is this pressing need to pee at this very moment.

"Aw, well isn't this precious?"

The pup widens his stance, teeth barred and praying that whatever comes out of his mouth is somewhat fearsome. In the end, it's high in pitch and unimpressive, but he keeps his ground, hackles twitching more out of embarrassment than anger. They're laughing at him but he keeps himself rooted. A part of him was hoping they'd recognize who he is inside this form, but they don't. Lucifer can't say he's surprise just humiliated, ego sore. Regardless, he continues to bark and when one of them bends down to grab him, the pup instantly snaps at its fingers. Teeth nearly clamping down on flesh.

Lucifer isn't prepared for what happens next. There's a body instantly advancing and the steel-toe of a boot goes ramming right into the spot beneath his neck. For a moment, he finds himself flying.

There's a yelp cut short when he hits something solid, bright lights flashing in his eyes before it devoured his vision into darkness. Crumpled onto the floor, he suddenly feels worn and exhausted. Dean's swearing up a storm and the pup assumes there must be punches being shared. There's a sharp shriek of panic that is taking precedent over the blinding wave of pain, because he can't breathe. He's aware of each rib expanding as he breathes, the way his esophagus feels tight and refusing to let oxygen truly flow. And this is how he's going to die, without the luxury of Sam Winchester soothing it all away --

The archangel wished he had the sheer will to balk at such an incredibly stupid thought. Sam Winchester? This is no time to be thinking of him. He's maybe just above a foot in height, struggling for air, high possibility of broken bones and internal bleeding, and the pup thinks bewilderingly how nice it'd be to have comfort. *Focus on trying to live or else it's game over.*

Trembling and feeling something wet drip down his throat, he can only find himself becoming more terrified at his apparent mortality. He will die. He has seen enough movies on the topic of dogs, for the sake of being able to relate to Sam when he first returned to Earth, and has seen a trend of the mutts dying. If only he could have gotten it through their thick skulls that demons may be about. Now he's going to die as a runt of an animal who is using more of his willpower to prevent himself from urinating on himself out of sheer pride. The great Morning Star was going to die in a motel room as a golden retriever pup, hoping that Sam Winchester would just scratch that spot under his collar one last time.

I'm not going to die like this.

If he's going to die than he's going to die as nothing but a thorn to everyone's side. Tilting his head up, he forced himself to howl. It's gargled and pained, the effort taken to do this making his body feel as if its been set aflame. Lucifer feels lightheaded and is aware of the blood pumping through his system with the more effort he exerts with each howl. It's less of a howl and more of a wail, dying off in the middle before coming back to the front. It's something. He only prayed that it would be annoying and painful to his audience, each howl becoming more hoarse as he exhaustedly continued on.

Lucifer is finally answered by a chilling sound that grows in number, the occupants in the room stilling as it greeted their ears.

Dean felt his stomach drop because while he hates dogs, there's a crippling fear that comes from the sheer sound of a hellhound.

Wishing For Nine Lives

Chapter Notes

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The returning howls have morphed from haunting notes to guttural barks. Dean knows where the sound is being originated. Knows it forms deep in their bellies where chunks of flesh are deteriorating and hellfire is twisting about the lining. He knows because he once was in one. Chewed and mangled -- death doesn't shut the curtains, it just opens you wide open to the horrors backstage.

Just like with the first trial, he feels that familiar punch of dread. He braved it for Sam. Swore throughout the conversation of hellhounds as a nonchalant and annoyed facade, for not so much Sam's sake but his own. But Sam isn't here needing his big brother. Sam is elsewhere and he's alone, and his eyes are pricked with tears, making a strangled exhale in disbelief.

The sound the hellhounds are making him nauseous, shuffling further into the room's corner, hugging the walls of the motel room. The two demons have forgotten him, focused on each other and the advancing sounds of a violent death. When your enemies are busy hissing at each other, arguing about who brought the dogs, it calls for a bit of concern.

Dean knows his nose is broken and his stomach is aching to push his lunch out his throat, but his legs work. He can't think of Blondie - the dog so forgone off his mind due to a circular rush of panic feeding off itself - he can only think of himself. Sweaty palms grope the walls and find the handle of the bathroom door. Gripping it --

"Hey! Where the fuck do you think you're going!" One of the demons shout at him and Dean watches his upper left thigh be ripped from underneath him. The body does an ungainly fall forward, leg dragged out and being tugged apart by invisible jaws. The hunter finds himself frozen in place, watching this limb being caught in a tug-o-war by two hellhounds. He can see blood painting their mouths, the only thing giving them form.

There's another attacking the female, her shriek awful and high in comparison to her companion who is sobbing a name he can't make out. Deep grooves are forming on her stomach, shirt beginning to stain before it's torn altogether. Blood hits his chin and neck, jerking Dean out of his state. Turning his back to the massacre before him, he struggles to open the bathroom door. Palms are sweaty and the faux gold-colored handle slips out of his grip.

"Come on - *fuck, fuck, fuck,* come on," he swears, a harsh bark hitting his left ear, feeling the heat

from the dogs. Finally getting a grip, he twists it and pushes his way in. The door hits his elbow on his way to slamming it shut, cradling it when he lays against the closed door.

The bathroom is a dead end, not even a window where he can crawl out. He needs something to protect him, forcing himself to sink into tactician mode. Pushing himself off the door, the screaming and sobbing not even muffled by the door shielding him from the scene, he turned to the shower. Yanking the pole off, he shoved the hanging shower curtain off. Yanking the rubber stopper at the end that kept the pole in place on the wall, he holds in readily. If he's going to go down, he could at least say he went down swinging. This pole - this purpose - is the only reason he doesn't just sit down on the ground and dig his knuckles into his eyes in fear.

There's a hideous crack filling the air, a few scuffles and than silence.

Dean stays put for ten minutes, limbs stiff and breathing heavily through his mouth. No more screaming. No more barking. Just silence. It's too good to be true but he can't just stand here.

Psyching himself up, to gain whatever stupid courage is needed to open the door to hellhounds, he twists the knob. Pulling it open quickly, the shower bar is out and ready. Dean isn't answered with teeth or a bark, simply the stench of blood and dog. It's an unpleasant combination.

Dean doesn't stare too long at the ripped bodies on the floor. Turning to his left, he sees a blond lump on the floor. "Shit," he curses, dropping the metal pole to rush to the now silent and still pup. Crouching down before the retriever, he holds his palm out before its nose, waiting to feel air hit it.

"Christ..."

Dean brings his hand back, rubbing his face, sinking on his knees. He didn't know what to do. God - Sam. He forgot about Sam. What would Sam say... The look on his face when he finds out about Blondie is going to crush him. Groaning in disbelief, pinching his nose and cursing at the flare of pain, the sound of glass cracking made him rise to his feet instantly. Eyes blindly search for anything but find nothing.

Looking back down at Blondie, he turns back to the doorway and carefully walks towards it.

There's something else in the room with him. Walking and shuffling about. Dean clenches his fist and takes his time crossing the room, nearly sprinting when he's out in the parking lot. Fumbling with the keys, he opens the truck and rifles through the organized chaos the trunk consisted of. Finding a pair of glasses in a case, he hastily shoved it on his face, stumbling back to face the motel room.

There they were. Three goddamn hellhounds meandering through the room. Not one of them seemed intent on ripping him apart, and that baffled him.

Testing this notion, he walked through the displayed gore called his room. They only stared at him before sniffing idly at a strewn limb, but they remained rather close to Blondie. Were they here for Blondie? Dean couldn't imagine Crowley saving his ass, there last encounter being none too friendly. As much as Dean wants to solve this, if the hounds aren't going to kill him, he can shift gears.

He needed to take Blondie to the vet.

Grabbing Blondie's dog bed and a pillow that isn't stained in blood, he placed it in the passenger seat of the Impala. There was but a puff of air that hit his palm when he stuck it before the retriever. Blondie wasn't dead but shit, that kick looked like it did more than bruise and knock the

wind out of the pup. Dean should call Sam, but he can't afford to spend time explaining to Sam the mess, carry Blondie, drive and the whole nine yards. He wasted enough time hiding in the bathroom praying for a miracle.

Seemed he somehow got that miracle out of it after all.

Carefully picking Blondie up, he placed him in the, now, cushioned front seat. Pulling his phone out as he backed out of his parking spot, he decided to call Sam anyways. Pinning it with his shoulder to his ear, he let his foot fall heavy on the gas pedal.

"Hey -"

"Sam, I don't got time to explain but I need you to drive to the nearest vet from the motel. Taking Blondie there because he got hurt. So just haul ass and I'll explain when you get there. I just need to focus on this first, got it?" Dean cut in, risking a glance at the retriever.

There's a pause filled with Sam taking a sharp inhale. "Got it."

Phone discarded in his lap, he turned his head back onto the road. To his dismay and befuddlement, he caught in his rearview mirror threes hellhounds chasing after the Impala.

Sam was certain he was the one looking like a disheveled mess, but when he enters the clinic, Dean takes the title from him easily. There's blood on his lips, tissue shoved up his nose, missing his boots and pale. The older hunter shoots him a somber look at his entrance, turning away to look down at a pair of glasses in his hands.

"Is he okay?" Sam exhales out shakily, but Dean only pats the seat beside him. Sam takes a seat, working his jaw, shooting an anxious look over at the empty front desk.

Dean rubs at his forehead before leaning back into his seat. "I know what we were hunting. It wasn't vampires like we thought. Just two demons. The reason how I know is because those two fuckheads tried to kill me in our room an hour ago," Dean begins wearily, eyes fixated on the floor. "Kicked in the door. Got me cornered with no weapon. Blondie stepped in front of me, trying to scare them off and he got the shit kicked out of him -"

"Jesus," Sam rushes out miserably, body hunched over so he can rest his forehead into his hands.

"It gets better. I can hear him crying out and than he just starts howling. To all of our surprise, something answers him," Dean heaves out, holding up three fingers up to Sam, "Three hellhounds came and tore the living shit out of those demons. For some weird reason, I'm alive, but those demons are chunky noodle soup on our walls. But you're going to really love this." Smiling sardonically, he handed Sam the glasses and jabbed his finger towards the direction of the parking lot.

Sam's not given the pleasure to even respond, glasses pushed into his hand. Slipping them on, he twists in his seat to stare out at the lot. A winded sound escapes Sam's mouth at the sight of three hellhounds sitting patiently beside the building.

"I don't know how he did it, but he did it. The little shit saved my life, Sam."

Sam swallows thickly, picking the glasses off shakily. Seeing three hellhounds so close to them was making him uneasy. "Is he badly hurt?"

"Fractured ribs, a clean break in his scapula and internal bleeding. They said if the kick was any

higher and met his throat, he wouldn't be with us right now. But they're working on him and doing more tests and stuff." Dean sounds as if each injury is his fault and Sam briefly squeezes his shoulder to say otherwise.

Sam runs a hand through his hair before he's on his feet, making a beeline towards the desk. He slips behind it, making his way uninvited deeper into the clinic.

"Sam!" Dean is hissing out in surprise.

Sam is already maneuvering himself through the sparse clinic, intent on finding Blondie whether its permitted or not. It doesn't take him long to find the room, watching the night staff rushing in and out through a glass window on the wall. It revealed a room of four staff members, crowding around an unresponsive retriever. There's x-rays on the wall illuminated by the paneled light, but before he can squint at it, a hand grips his arm.

"Sir, you can't be here," a woman in scrubs informs him firmly, making a gesture to the door.

"No, that's mine. That's my dog. He belongs to me," Sam replies hotly, standing defensively by the window. He can't leave Blondie's side. He simply won't. That obnoxious, insufferable and clever ball of fur is his and his alone.

The woman gives a nod in realization, "You're the 'Sam Winchester' on the collar." The hunter gives a silent nod. "Well you have two doctors working on him right now. He's not in good shape but we're doing our best. It's too soon to say what the results are going to be like but he's going to need therapy, whether or not full recuperation is possible." Her hand found his forearm, lightly steering him back to the lobby. "The best you can do is wait with your friend, okay?"

Sam feels numb. Full recuperation may not be the end result. Therapy. Blondie's broken and he can't figure out what he can do to save him. Limbs feel heavy but he's moving back towards the lobby, shooting glances at the window to get another look at Blondie.

"His name is Blondie," Sam is blurting out, looking frazzled and off-kilter the further he's separating himself from the pup. "He likes anything lamb-flavored... And likes to be scratched behind his right ear," he's running off to the woman and she gives him a small smile.

"I'll remember that for when he wakes up. Sit down and we'll keep you posted."

Sam is back in the lobby, Dean hovering over him. He feels dazed and lost.

"Sammy, I'm so sorry," Dean murmurs out to him and Sam gives a jerky nod, swiping at his nose. Dean leads him back to his seat, the younger hunter slumping in it. "He's going to do fine. He stuck his nose in your dirty laundry and survived. Sleeps with you and, no offense, but you kinda sweat in your sleep-"

"Dean, all I hear is you telling me I stink," Sam interjects.

"Damn straight. Point is, the little guy is a survivor and he really likes you. If he's going to go down, it's going to be from old age. I don't think he'd leave you without a fight."

Sam gives a watery smile, rubbing his eyes with his palm, wiping the wetness off his jeans. "Yeah...guess you're right," Sam croaks out, Dean clapping him on the shoulder.

The two sink into a state of silence, simply staring at the desk and occasionally patting the other. It's when a half hour passes does Sam give a sound in realization, hand slapping Dean's knee.

"Dean! Cas! Castiel can heal him! Right?"

Dean nods, looking slightly unsure because that required calling the angel.

"Call him. Please! Just say it how it is and -- and if Blondie can be healed... Please, Dean. He never really shows up when I call him," Sam pleaded, looking stupidly hopeful and desperate that it makes it hard to make eye contact with him. Dean doesn't bother voicing his hesitation, instead closing his eyes.

"Cas, it's me. Really appreciate it if you got your feathery ass down here. Sam has a dog that needs some angel mojo on. He's not doing so well. This dog called up some hellhounds that saved my ass so I'd appreciate if you could lend us a hand." Dean cracks an eye open, frowning at the emptiness. "Come on, Cas. Amen or whatever."

"Is this canine also a hellhound?" Someone inquires to his right, both Winchesters jolted at Castiel's appearance. Dean curses under his breath about getting heart attacks thanks to him while Sam shakes his head.

"No, just...a golden retriever," Sam replies quickly. "So can you -- nevermind."

Castiel is gone before he can finish the question, Dean shooting the space where Cas occupied a withering stare.

"So glad Cas hasn't changed in that area," Dean comments dryly.

Cas reappears minutes later, frowning and rubbing his palms as if wiping them clean. "The animal is healed but it seems it is a rather...strange vessel," the angel begins slowly, forming the words carefully on his tongue. His eyes fall on Sam, appearing rather jaded.

"What do you mean?" Sam asks, rising to his feet, shoulders stiff and posture rigid.

"Lucifer is residing within the dog."

Home Is Where The Heart Is

Chapter Notes

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Lucifer feels warmth under his jaw, unrelenting and firm. He knows where he's at without needing to open his eyes and confirm. He's laying against Sam's calf, body half up and a line of tension forming about his neck at his position, but he doesn't care. Sam's probably picking through an old tome or having his laptop sitting on his lap - something Lucifer thoroughly enjoys because when he pushes himself onto Sam's lap, the residual heat leftover on the hunter's jeans warms his belly.

It's a simple life the Winchesters' live. Lucifer was certain that would bother him, but he can't find himself to care for the places they room in or the food he is given. The fallen archangel is content with the routine and the pleasantries he shares with Sam, enjoying being in the company of another who is never short of affection and love. He is content with the fact that Sam is here with him, safe and whole.

There's a stream of warmth and absence of worry, satisfied despite him being confined as a dog. Lucifer idly ventures that he does care for Sam, reminiscing over his past actions with risking his life to defend Dean Winchester. The pup doesn't think he did much other than annoy but he did it for Sam's happiness, not his own. It felt less like a chore and something he wants to do... Although the thoughts are rather hilarious to the prideful archangel, giving a snort that comes out as a faint 'woof' of air, he can't find it in him to feel scornful of it. It's simply a bit baffling to look at his past views of Sam Winchester and where his views are at now. He wouldn't change it though. He wouldn't change how he felt about Sam Winchester and Lucifer basked proudly in his stubborn resolution.

It's not that he's suddenly infatuated with humanity or feels his views on humanity as a whole changed. It's just that there's something like home under Sam's fingertips when they're scratching the back of his ears to curling up in sleep beside him on the bed.

Talks of home made him think of Dean Winchester, wondering if the hunter walked out relatively alive. Opening his eyes so he can see if Dean is somewhere in the mix, the pup is greeted with something different than their motel room.

The room he was in was shrouded in the absence of light save for the section to his right, showing him walls of gray stone than tacky wallpaper. There's a chill of panic beginning to form in his stomach, whipping his head to the left, praying to find a laid out Sam Winchester. Instead his

heavy head slips from the warm presence of the edge of his dog bed, warmed from his resting chin.

The only source of light in the room was from a construction light sitting in the corner of the room, light beating against one of the walls to illuminate sigils and intricate wards in Enochian in a pasty white color. The demons plucked him. They somehow found out, a growing sense of dread creeping in. Scrambling onto his feet, he darts forward but there's an icy grip on his neck, yanking him back. Wheezing and twisting to see the source, he can make out in the gloom what looked like a chain hooked to the wall. Moving his head about, the presence of cold metal against his throat makes itself known. The dread begins to turn to a growing panic, a whimpered sound trapped in his chest.

They know. But why would they trap me? I am their king.

Lucifer stares down at his paws, trying to think of some sort of rationale for this treatment. He vaguely remembers Dean mentioning Crowley being in charge... The archangel couldn't say for sure, so he eyes his surroundings morosely, catching the sight of a Devil's Trap on the floor with a haunting device with shackles sitting in the middle. Was this some dungeon? Why was his dog bed brought?

Padding about the bed he caught a glimpse of his dog bowls, now struck with confusion because it seemed trivial to bring such amenities if he is their prisoner. The lack of answers and the gloom this room brought made him tilt his head, howling until his throat becomes rough, succumbing to falsetto whines.

It takes an hour before a wall opens, Lucifer catching a glimpse of stacked file boxes on shelves in the background. A long pair of legs block his vision and when he raises his head, Lucifer is breaking out in thrilled yelps. There was Sam Winchester and he tugged earnestly against his holdings, barking excitedly. His upper half drops low onto the ground, backside sticking up and tail wagging in a playful gesture.

"Lucifer."

The needy whine about to leave the pup's mouth dies, slowly pushing himself up when his name is uttered. Lucifer's eyesight is poor in this bad lighting, but the tone of voice snags at his spine and breaks it in two. There's not a word Lucifer can place on Sam's tone, but it's a combination of disgust and frozen fury. His tail tucks in and he sits down, staring up at the cut out of him in the darkness. Sam sways to his left, a hand searching for the wall but not quite reaching it.

"I bet you're proud of yourself. You got me," Sam begins, voice low and broken around the edges that the pup is thankful for his inadequate eyesight. He doesn't think he could stand looking at Sam's face and see the emotions shaping his expressions. Here is the test his Father spoke of. This is the final stretch and it's already beginning with a dismal start. He needs to get Sam to accept him but the Winchester reeks of sweat and booze, the pup antsy and nervous at Sam's hostile position before him.

"You..." he points a finger down at him, "You made me care... Care after all that...that stuff you did to me -- you lied to me. *Again*." Sam takes a step forward and Lucifer shuffles back, chain rattling at his jerky movements.

"You beat me. Laughed at me. Mocked me. Humiliated me. You..." Sam turns away, a choked sound leaving his mouth before he's clearing his throat, hands in tight fists by his sides. "You r..." he begins again and Lucifer doesn't want to know. He didn't want to hear it. The pup issues out a pleading sound, soft and pliant. "*Shut up*," a growl rips from Sam's throat, taking another step forward that it causes the pup to instantly fall silent, body sliding fully onto the ground.

"You...you raped me," the words came out brutal and loud this try, both parties flinching visibly. "You...hurt me. You damaged me."

Lucifer can't fathom what Sam is referring of, a detached sensation of shock gripping him, still unable to meet Sam's gaze. He doesn't know what to say. What to do that would make Sam comprehend that is not in his character. He can't understand how such actions could have been done or at least to the point where Sam believes he's the culprit.

He can't have this be their relationship, if there is even a chance for that anymore.

"You know...for a second... For a second I really thought I had something great." The golden retriever feels as if his ribcage is being pushed in, just wanting this conversation to end now. He knows where this is heading. *Please. Please.* He knows when he's being kicked out of home. *Please don't do this.* There's a weighted drop tugging at his body and a becoming cry filling the room, Sam snarling and taking another step forward that silences the pup immediately. "*Just...shut up.* Just..." the hunter exhales out, palming his forehead as if he's nursing a headache.

"I'm so tired... I just thought that finally out of all this shit, I finally got something that'd make me feel less like some circus freak and more normal," the words sounding gritted out and pained, becoming faint in sound.

"The only reason why you're alive right now and not..." Sam swallows, not bothering to finish the sentence, a shaky hand reaching up to run through his hair, "Is because you saved Dean's life. We're putting you back in that cage. So don't get comfortable." The words are rushed and quick, Sam rubbing at his face once more before he's turning on his heels and leaving. Lucifer doesn't get a bark in before the wall is slamming shut after Sam.

There's the kick and here the free fall downward.

Lucifer spends the rest of the day crying and pleading for Sam to return, to somehow prove that he would never submit to such perverse forms of pettiness or harm Sam's wellbeing. To apologize and ask for forgiveness. Right now he can care little of his pride. When the cries become hoarse, he curls on the dog bed and wearily stares at the lines and bends of the sigils on the wall.

Lucifer wonders if Sam wrote them himself, eventually falling into a fitful sleep.

Lucifer doesn't see Sam after his declaration. Dean is his regular visitor, refilling his dog bowls with water and food. Dean mumbles his thanks to him and only that, never spending more than four minutes in the room.

Lucifer is adamant for Sam to return. He howls, cries and whines in the confines of this room, hoping that Sam would hear him. The archangel only quiets down when the wall pulls open, Dean shuffling in and cleaning up after him. His vocal cords feel raw and the notes have been degrading into minors, wavering here and there in pitch. Lucifer stubbornly refuses to give up. He won't go so easily back down in the Cage without Sam at least knowing the truth.

However, it's hard to tell Sam the truth when he never visits him.

The dog bed is beginning to look worn and ghastly, Lucifer rarely leaving its lukewarm confines. It's been rubbed against, adjusting himself to recreate that sensation when he first arrived of Sam's calf, but the bed bends and dips through overuse that it's impossible. Teeth have torn into it, frustrated and jerking it about until he's picking at its stuffings, jaws snapping at the cotton stuck on his teeth. Exhausted and frustrated at another day spent without a glimpse of Sam, he grabbed the bed by his teeth and whipped it about, letting it slide across the floor.

He can't fetch it, too far for him and Lucifer spends the remainder of the day staring at it. It takes two days for it to be removed, probably tossed in the trash.

Lucifer bitterly regrets his decision because it appears as if he's not going to get a replacement.

The archangel spends his time associating a new corner as his bed, sitting determinedly in his spot until the floor grows warm with his body heat. The blue-eyed pup doesn't want to think of the short conversation that probably took place regarding his bed. He doesn't want to think of Dean informing Sam of the ruined bed and Sam explaining calmly that there is no reason why he should get a new one.

The thoughts curl beside him, nonetheless, and there's a familiar ache in the base of his throat.

The only time where he is given true contact is during bath times, which come rarely and done by Castiel. Lucifer nearly bites at the angel's finger in growing anger at being chained to a metal tub inside the cell, unable to have it done outside or somewhere else that's near Sam. He craves the sun and Sam's presence, reintroducing a hollowed feeling of want he's known before in the Cage. He needs to get to Sam and somehow get it through his thick skull that he'd never hurt Sam in such a way. That he would always hold true to his promise to the hunter, but Castiel is a hindrance. The angel stares blankly down at him, sleeves pulled up and his touch is unbearably clinical that it makes the pup fussy, yapping angrily at the silent angel.

It's only when he's being hosed down does the thought to use Castiel as a mouthpiece dawns upon him. The fallen archangel explains adamantly in barks and high-pitched whines, but Castiel shows no inclination of understanding him. Instead he's brusquely dried and soon sitting in his cell by himself, the angel and the bath supplies gone.

The next bath comes even later on and this time it's done with but the snap of fingers, leaving the pup feeling disjointed and stomach in painful knots for a few days. Lucifer lays on the cold floor whining, miserable and thinking of the ways Sam would have soothed him. It rocks him into an uneasy sleep, dreaming of tummy rubs and pillows.

Those dreams are far more painful than the ones of Sam dragging him by the scruff of his neck to the Cage.

Lucifer is becoming touch-starved, struggling to adjust from a state of being attended to by physical comfort to the absence of it all together. He'll go as far as the leash will let him when Dean enters the room, eager for fingers to just graze him. Dean won't touch him. As days turn into weeks and weeks into a month, he's so desperate for the feel of something other than the empty yawn of this room that he'll find comfort in Dean's boots. It's degrading and pitiful, but he needs it. Needs to just feel something because months spent of love and affection being taken from him, after craving it for eons in the Cage... It's an ABA treatment that's picking him from the seams.

He can just manage to rub his nose against Dean's boot, and it's an ugly relief. He'll lick the surface like it's a gift, disgustingly grateful for the difference in texture and the sheer feel of something warmer than this room. Dean, eventually, learned to step just a foot shy from where Lucifer can reach and push the bowls of food and water towards the pup with his foot. Whenever he cries out, frustrated when that moment of relief is taken from him, Dean will storm out looking uneasy.

When it gets worse - when every atom in his being feels as if it will simply combust if contact isn't given - he'll rub against the chilled walls of his prison. It's rough and crass against him, but he can imagine they're blunt nails scratching at his back.

It's so easy to let himself submit and become burned out. Easy to just become spiteful and angry,

twisting whatever affection is left in him into rage. Whenever he teeters close and fancies the idea, it makes him think of his beginning years in the Cage. Years spent hissing and cursing until he'd fall into a state of exhaustion, picking up where he started when he'd wake from an unrestful interlude.

He can't do that again. He'd hold out just a bit longer.

Not so much for him, but for Sam.

When fingers finally scratch behind his ear, the worn and mangled golden retriever crying in pure bliss, it's not from Sam. Lucifer looks up to find his Father sitting beside him, incandescent eyes staring down at him accompanied with a sad smile.

"I'm afraid your time is up, my son."

The Dog Days Are Over

Chapter Notes

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Despite the past year of enduring the hallucination of Lucifer and reliving what occurred in the Cage, Sam can't help but feel a loss at the absence of his presence. It doesn't help that he's often the topic of conversation, only making the loss of the archangel by his side or sleeping with him in bed more noticeable.

"It is physically impossible for an archangel of Lucifer's magnitude to be housed in a creature such as that," Castiel was explaining over a cup of coffee, the liquid growing cold and untouched, but the angel seems content simply cupping the item. The group of them were seated around the table, Castiel having requested for a private word with Sam but it was quickly abolished with Dean's sudden presence. Now the angel was stuck describing the physicality's of vessels and the obligations needed to retain one.

"Didn't Lucifer jump in a snake and do the whole seduction act on Eve to eat her fruits and vegetables?"

Castiel frowns slightly while Sam glares at Dean's humorous quip.

"I am unsure of what is myth or reality when it comes to events predating my existence. It is difficult and one can argue numerous of things such as who corrupted who. Names become mixed as do roles... Some say Satan did it. Some say Lucifer did it. Some claim they are one in the same while others claim they are two different entities. It seems pointless to argue the differences, similarities and connections to Satan and Lucifer in light of this conversation," Castiel replies calculatingly, dragging his gaze to where Sam was seated. He looked worse for wear and he has observed silently the Winchester cough out blood the day before.

His state seems to have been worsening -- or rather returning to normal -- with the lack of interaction with the Morningstar. A curious point that he will keep to himself seeing Sam remains avoidant of the dog. Yet there is a matter he must speak of with the hunter that is tickling his conscience so.

"What I'm getting is that... Something pretty powerful pulled Lucifer into that ankle biter," Dean sighed when the cold cut response was given, looking upset Castiel was unresponsive to his humor. Castiel nods.

“It is a good sign, despite it all. It means He is present.”

“Jesus Christ, are we really going to start talking about God now?” Dean groaned and Sam watched Castiel and his brother protest the presence of God and God’s usefulness. The hunter pushed himself out of his chair and wandered off when it began to grate on his nerves, mumbling about needing to sleep to simply excuse himself.

He never got to hear what Cas was going to share with him that day.

Sam flopped down eagerly onto his bed, hearing from below the faint but distinct sounds of Lucifer yelping and whining. The hunter picked at his pillow and shoved it over his face, willing the sounds to go away.

Sam would find himself only able to fall asleep when the sound of the puppy downstairs would quiet down. Than does he know that Lucifer has fallen asleep, worn and exhausted from his diligent calling. Sam knows he’s calling for him, begging for him to just come down and talk to him. Dean has moved from his bedroom to a spare where it’s farther from the dungeon, openly calling him out during breakfast one day that he “can’t sleep with that thing crying all the damn time, no thanks to you.” Sam knows he should do something but he just feels lackluster and slow on the matter.

It doesn’t help that the reassurance of Castiel calling in and lending a helping hand is currently absent a week after their chat about God, the angel having veered a far right the minute he laid his hands on the angel tablet. No word from the angel for a week and it’s putting Dean on edge, cursing under his breath about angels and lack of social skills whenever he makes coffee. For a brief moment, caught in the whirlwind of the trials and now this other addition in the tablet drama, Sam thought he would forget about Lucifer outside of the bunker. Yet no matter how valiant he may be in his efforts, his environment only reminded him of the devil.

The tablet found in Lucifer’s crypt.

The easy and painless journey through Hell; how Hell called and pleaded upon him as this savior. They thought he was Lucifer and it was thrilling and terrifying all at once.

Sam can’t shake off the sensation that he has someone to thank. He can’t escape the pull in his gut -- this invisible hand nudging him to simply pay the pup a visit.

Sam eventually caves in, pushing himself off the bed when the floor above him has gone silent.

Sam slips his way into the room quietly, soon finding through the morose scenery a sleeping golden retriever curled tightly in its bed. The floor is cold under his feet and he takes in how barren the room is (save for the Men of Letters’ grotesque devices meant for demons). The pup stands pitifully out from it, but even the gold in his coat is bland and faded. Sam wonders if it’ll turn gray just like the walls.

The hunter rubs at a becomingly tight spot buried in his chest as he pads forward, observing the pup remain put, breathing heavily in sleep. His promise to drag Lucifer back to the Cage has become nothing but an empty threat the past couple of weeks. Dean would sigh and offer to go dig up the rings while Sam mans the fort, but Sam mumbles excuses -- something along the lines of not wanting to care for Lucifer while he’s gone and not willing to let the pup starve to death just because of that. Dean would roll his eyes and save whatever biting comment that threatened to leave his mouth.

Sam knows he’s taking the coward way out by simply ignoring the problem. Sam’s stuck in the middle between being terrified and confused.

Why would Lucifer save Dean if he only wanted to hurt him? Why aren't there hellhounds attacking them on their way out of the bunker? Why would he go out of his way to pretend to care for him when he could easily run elsewhere to someone who could lay some mojo on him so he appears human? Why couldn't he remember Michael or Adam being present in the Cage with him? Did God really have a role in this? If so, what the hell was his game plan in changing Lucifer into a puppy? Humiliation? A lesson in the works?

Why would Lucifer continue to cry out for him day in and day out when he knows Sam won't budge for him?

It's an uphill battle trying to determine what is reality and fiction when it came to his interactions with Lucifer. Sam remained with Lucifer, taking a seat beside the pup and watching him. His fingers itched to touch him and his mouth wanted to speak out, but he didn't want Lucifer to wake up and see him. Sam wasn't quite ready to confront the archangel.

It becomes a trend. Sam sneaking out of bed to watch Lucifer sleep for an hour or so. His weight seems to be maintained from what he can grasp but the bed is beginning to look tattered. One night he has to restrain himself from kissing the pup on the forehead and hugging him fiercely when he notices how wet the fur is underneath his eyes.

Sam can't fathom why Lucifer would be so distraught over the lack of his presence even though the gist is up. The hunter hilariously tells himself that it's because Lucifer may actually care for him, if not more. How easy that laughter dies in his throat, a haunting chill soon racing through his system as he plays with the idea some more.

Sam comes to the conclusion he doesn't want to do this anymore, not wanting to admit to anything simply due to the burden it would carry.

The next morning he gets his wish when he wakes up greeted with silence.

"Lucifer?"

Dean can hear Sam's voice carrying off somewhere to the far right of the bunker, his eyes briefly flicking over in that direction before returning to his cup of coffee.

"Lucifer?!"

"**LUCIFER** -- Dean, where is he? Where did he go? Did you...."

Dean's nursing his third cup of coffee, trying to gauge how many cups he can take in within the hour as Sam comes stomping from downstairs frantic and bewildered. Lifting a brow when he begins to become blamed for the dog's disappearance, he shoots Sam an unamused frown.

"No, *princess*, I didn't do squat with Lucifer. Actually, *you* didn't do squat with Lucifer," the older hunter bites back. He's been keeping his opinion to himself for a while now, staving off every dark comment and complaint. He's sore at the loss of Lucifer this morning, having felt an ugly weight of guilt and unease whenever he would tend to the archangel. Just leaving him down there in the cold sans comfort and Dean can't understand if it's because of the archangel or because the archangel happens to look like a ball of fur. Maybe he should have let himself become the surrogate replacement of Sam and scratch his back or murmur compliments.

Even that is a conundrum to his moral compass: comforting the devil.

“I’ve been taking care of him because you can’t find the balls to friggen go up and just do something about this whole problem. Could have just talked to him, Sam,” Dean continued out, fingers leaving the comfort of the coffee cup to grip the edge of the table. “Hell, Sam, could have just let me grab the rings and miraculously convince Death to hand over his so we can toss him in there -- ***like you suggested***. *That way that sad sack of fur isn’t down there crying nonstop.”*

Sam’s silent and staring at him, and Dean can’t find himself to care at this moment what Sam may be feeling. This past month sucked. It was awful with the whole tablet shit and to top it off Dean would start and finish his day looking at desperate pup begging for just a simple scratch behind the ear. Shit. Sympathy for the devil crap had him good.

“Sam, look, I know that the bastard did some sick things to you -- ” he begins on a different note, quieter and sympathetic.

“He didn’t,” Sam mumbles under his breath.

Dean balks and nearly raises from his chair, but the motion is cut off midway through and he slumps further into his seat. “I’m sorry, what?” he grits out, working his jaw until he can feel that familiar pop, “I’m pretty certain we spent a friggen year dealing with it. I thought he hurt you! I thought that was the main reason we had him locked up like Hannibal fucking Lecter! What the hell, I doubt -- ”

“Dean, I thought so, too,” Sam interjects loudly, hands balled up into tight fists and glaring down at his seated sibling. “I really thought that he did all of those things to me...and I can remember it. But Cas told me -- ”

“Cas?!”

“-- Cas told me, before you two went down to the crypt, that Lucifer wanted to pass on a message to me. It’s more or less to remember what he told me when we first met,” Sam finished, eyes fixated on the table and not on Dean.

“Which was....” Dean trailed off when silence began to fall on the scene.

“He told me he’d never trick me, lie to me or intentionally hurt me. Before he’s always been upfront with me on what’s going to happen and what he’s doing. The Lucifer that I remember in the Cage...That was a whole different beast... Maybe it wasn’t Lucifer who hurt me,” Sam went on, voice quieter and finally slinking to the table to take a seat. He sags into one across Dean, looking exhausted an troubled. “I’ve been trying to make heads-and-tails of this, Dean. Trying to figure out what’s real because I don’t want to do something and more trouble is put on our plates. Let’s not forget we don’t really have a good track record with Lucifer to begin with. You did shoot him in the face.”

“Explains why he likes to chew my shit up...” Dean heaved out, more understanding than before.

“Look. I hate Lucifer’s guts. He, honestly, was the root to all our problems since day one when you think about it,” Dean added before Sam could interject, straightening up in his chair, “Azazel wouldn’t have fucked up our lives if it wasn’t for the need to pop Lucy out of the Cage. Probably could be having peachy lives about now. But the thing is, that shit happened. It happened and it changed us. I don’t know if that change made us better or not... But Sam, I haven’t seen you happy in a long time. It seems when that little shit is around, you’re pretty damn happy. That must mean something. It sure as hell means something to me.” As far as Dean is concerned, Lucifer has made Sam light up during his time with them. He has to admit that he, too, sure misses having the obnoxious rugrat walking around like he owns the place. He sure made himself a home in their lives and it sounds recklessly crazy, but it’s true.

“Dean...it’s not like you don’t -- ”

“Shuddup. I don’t need a teary-eyed moment. Point is, if I had the chance I’d keep you as a kid forever. But you always had to ask questions growing up. It’s nice looking up and seeing you looking like you’re five all over again. I’m not saying let’s go trust Satan, I’m saying...maybe it’s time to be selfish.”

Sam looks conflicted, rubbing his face with his hands before he’s giving a nod. “....I really do miss him,” Sam admits into his hands, missing Dean’s birthing smile. Sam feels an ugly pit of guilt at the face Lucifer is gone believing that not once did Sam visit him. It makes him ache. “Alright. Let’s go find him,” Sam heaves out, dropping his hands.

“Damn straight and about time,” Dean’s grinning now as he pushes himself off his chair. “We’re gonna need some flyers. So go pick one of those sappy photos you have of the rat on your phone.”

Sam grumbles something along the lines of ‘they’re not sappy’ as he slips off his chair, moving off to his room to fetch the phone.

It takes a few hours to call the local pounds, create flyers and peruse through the internet for anything that might just help them.

It takes two weeks to find the pup.

It takes one hour for Sam to find something is terribly off with the puppy.

He runs straight, can give a decent bark and seems unresponsive whenever he calls him ‘Lucifer.’ The pup will continue to eat and chew on the grass, only responding when ‘Blondie’ is being used. Sam thinks Lucifer is just upset than, showering the pup with love and affection. Sam can’t stop apologizing and the pup can’t stop wriggling out of his grip when he’s held for too long.

Blondie adores Dean, following after him and occasionally nipping at his heels when he wants to play with the older Winchester. Dean would gently push him towards Sam but Blondie is unconvinced, always trailing back to Dean. The hunter explains it might just be because the dog associates him with food and water, but Sam can’t fight the pang of worry growing more apparent in his system.

“You’re not Lucifer, are you?” Sam asked the pup quietly. The pup busied himself scratching the spot by his neck, oblivious to the look of devastation on the Winchester’s face.

Sam's certain he lost Lucifer for good.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter left! Just a huge shout out and thanks to everyone who has left kudos and/or a comment! Really means a lot to me!

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam's been nursing his hand for a week now, the cut deep and making it a bit impossible for him to grab much of anything with it. The third trial was meant to follow through, lackluster on his own wellbeing and life. Sam's almost upset that Dean stopped him but he won't delve more into the topic, the look on Dean's face enough to render him silent. This defeatist attitude is grating on his own nerves but he can't find himself the willpower to pull himself out of it. He screwed up. Whether it's with Dean to Lucifer, he can't help but nitpick at his own actions.

Dean has been doing his best to reassure him that's not the case but it's difficult not to look inward when angels are falling from Heaven. It's a whole new level of "mess" that they have to clean up and Sam's not looking forward to it. Certainly doesn't help that any sort of divine aid is out of the picture.

Sam has been sitting in the park for an hour now, kicked out of the bunker due to moping and handed Blondie on his way out. The pup has warmed up to him tremendously the past week and he's prone to falling to his side in bliss when Sam scratches behind his ear. It has a way of making the hunter smile through his haggard appearance, chuckling to himself.

The hunter lets his finger run across the retriever's nose, the dog opening his mouth to pant in the summer humidity. He's been admitting to himself more openly now that he truly misses Lucifer's presence. That reassuring weight by his side when he sleeps to being waken up with sloppy kisses is just the start of his reminiscing. Despite the irony, Lucifer made him feel normal and he's been itching and scratching for normalcy since day one.

"Can you tell him that I want him back?" Sam asks the pup who only lifts his head up to push Sam's finger off, licking it until it's soaked in slobber. The hunter gives a weary laugh and ruffles his ears, both of them flapping about and Blondie wagging his tail excitedly. "Can you even....understand me?" Sam huffed out, "You just understand 'food' don't you..." Instantly ears perk and the pup gives a bark, nudging at Sam's hand before sniffing at his hands expectantly for food.

Sam sighs heavily, understanding more why both Dean and Blondie got along well.

It's silly, but that hardly stops him from asking the pup or praying in the silence of his room. It's worth a shot, right? They did find Blondie so maybe Lucifer isn't too far behind.

The hunter works his jaw in thought, rising to his feet to follow after Blondie who is now sniffing at the ground. Sam gives a dark sound, bubbled in his throat, when he sees Blondie paying rapt attention to a dead bird lying in the grass.

“Ugh, that’s gross -- no, don’t put it in your mouth -- oh come on, stop,” Sam commented dryly, watching the pup sniff the dead bird before attempting to take it into its mouth. Crouched down and pulling the determined ball of golden fur away from the bird, he scolded the oblivious pup. “I don’t think you realize that I’ll be the one to brush your teeth. I’m the one that’s going to have to brush the dead chunks of bird out of your mouth,” Sam is explaining, the pup only tugging on his collar to return to the bird.

“Conversing with a dog may be a sign of insanity,” a voice comments behind Sam, humored and light. Sam sighs and shoots Blondie a wearied look, not in the mood to converse with strangers or have their kids touch Blondie. Twisting his head and already putting on the polite smile, he found himself gawping at the sight of his...jeans. Sam rises to his feet immediately, perplexed at the familiar tear forming on the left pocket and an absent belt loop on the right hip.

Eyes roam up, finding his shirt...

A shirt accompanied by an archangel.

Sam feels his heart suddenly beat a wild tattoo into his chest.
There’s a disheveled head of blond accompanied by a familiar set of pallid blue eyes. Sam’s throat feels tight and it takes him a couple times clearing his throat before he can respond, “What does that make you than?” Sam needs to simply yank Lucifer into a hug, the need making the muscles in his arm twitch. There he is. There’s Lucifer. Sam is conflicted between crying for forgiveness or whooping out in joy at his stroke of good luck. Sam remains stuck simply staring.

“An instigator,” Lucifer drawls out, looking smug.

Sam can’t stop staring at the archangel. He looks whole, just like when they first interacted with each other. Lacerations and scent of blood missing, instead the blond wearing his clothes. Looks as if Lucifer crash landed into his closet and immediately went searching for the hunter soon after. Sam’s neck feels warm and he fights back the urge to press his hand against it. There’s that childish need to simply reach out and touch his face, as if to confirm the being before him is real and not a hallucination soon to turn feral.

Lucifer is unprepared when a hand fists into his shirt and pulls him forward, arms enveloping him into a crushing hug. Sam continues to surprise him, assured that the hunter would find little to admire in him after learning of who he is. Yet what a surprise it was to be greeted by his Father telling him that he won his freedom. Sam accepts him, warts and all, and has been praying for his return determinedly. It makes the archangel’s Grace practically burn in all its glory in delight.

The archangel keeps still, blinking in momentary confusion before he’s cautiously returning the gesture. How different it feels when he is of this height and not on ground level. “Shouldn’t I apologize first...before this?” Lucifer supplies, certain he was seeking out Sam to apologize profusely for any misconception between them.

“No. *I’m* sorry. I didn’t know -- well, I did. I eventually found out and I should have just... I’m sorry and I’m stupid, and Dean gave me a mouthful,” Sam began to blab, the archangel chuckling quietly as Sam continues to let his speech race on. “I was stubborn and I don’t -- I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I left you alone. I left you all by yourself. I listened to you and I did nothing.” The archangel wishes to rub at the coming ache in Sam’s chest he can anticipate, but Sam seems unwilling to let him go.

“Sam...”

“I ignored you. Ignored you like the...the ass that I am -- ”

“Sam...”

“I should know better. I am better than that. I just -- ”

“*Sam*,” Lucifer calls out a bit louder, pulling away from Sam so he can stare at the distraught hunter. Fingers hesitantly rise up to tuck Sam’s hair behind his ears, fingers moving with more purpose when Sam only closes his eyes in response. “Sam, there will never be a moment where I won’t forgive you,” he explains warmly, Sam’s face melting into a smile that’s familiar to the archangel. An achievement he’s quite proud of. This is how they should have gotten along. Not fighting and pulling teeth till the other complies.

Lucifer’s fingers drift down to Sam’s wounded hand, carefully undoing the bandaging. The hunter looks uneasy but remains put, wincing when the bandaging pulls at the skin. Sam expects a reprimanding look, perhaps a cold speech on how Hell will never be closed for good. Instead Lucifer bows his head and kisses the top of the tender wound, lips nearly freezing the skin. Sam watches, dumbly, skin heal over. His skin felt alive and nerves wired, reminiscent of the sensation of Lucifer slipped under his skin.

“All I ask is you give me a second chance,” Lucifer breaks the silence, thumb rubbing across the nonexistent cut. Sam is warm and it’s curious to feel that difference in temperature between them both again. Curious to feel his vessel after spending a month greedy and desperate for his affectionate warmth.

Sam can’t fathom how awful it must have been to be sitting alone without comfort, so absent from touch. It makes the hunter move his hand so he could push his fingers through the angel, determined and intent in his movements. Lucifer contentedly lets his fingers comfortably slide through, pads of his fingers resting on the top of Sam’s hand.

“You got it,” the hunter is heaving out gratefully, a bark suddenly emitting from below. Both turn down to stare at the golden pup on its hind legs, using Lucifer’s calf to keep himself up.

“I think someone is jealous.... Are we going to have to fight for Sam’s affections?” Lucifer humorously asks the pup, Sam soon squeezing Lucifer’s hand.

“You never have to fight for my affections. You have them.”

Chapter End Notes

The End

A/N: Thank you again, everyone, for reading and reviewing! You were all a delight and I hope to see your lovely faces poking around soon! See, I told ya there'd be happiness somewhere!

End Notes

Love it? Hate it? Tell me in a review!

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